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WINE for the SOUL

IN · PROSE · AND · VERSE

MARGARET OLIVE JORDAN

GIFT OF
Mrs. Margaret Olive Jordan

To the Library of the
University of California,
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San Diego Calif.
1919.

WINE FOR THE SOUL

IN PROSE AND VERSE

WINE *for the* SOUL

IN PROSE AND VERSE

By MARGARET OLIVE JORDAN

Author of "GOD'S SMILES," "WAVES of the WORLD" and "THE MYSTERY of LUCAS TERRACE."

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ANTHEM

Praises be to the Divinity that opens my soul to the light of the glorious morn, waking me to knowledge of Love and Truth, flowing clear and beautiful from the great cup of Life; irradiating my being with transcendental loveliness and harmonizing me with everything that leads to eternal happiness; finally bringing me into complete oneness with the great Source of All. Praises be to my Higher Self.

Amen.

UNIV. OF
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THE ASCENSION

Dedicated to my husband, Andrew Hugh Jordan, whose love withstood all temporal power and is mine still, though he has ascended.

Out of the depth of Self—
  Out of the seeming things,
Up to the True and Real
  Riseth his soul on wings.

Out of material gross,
  Shining with precious glow,
Transient as moment, fleet,
  Flickering to and fro.

Out of the cobweb's mesh,
  Freed from its deadly clasp,
Leaps he, with mighty force
  God's vital facts to grasp.

Out of deception's mire—
  Up to the sterling true,
Where reigneth Love alone;
  Christ's path he'd fain pursue.

Far from the false he hastes—
  Jealousy, hate and strife,
High above Self's low plane,
  Knowing 'tis Good rules life.

Dedication

Up to the sweet Ideal
Soareth his soul its way,
Drinking from Wisdom's cup,
Bathing in Truth's pure ray.

Onward and upward still—
Light on his path shines clear;—
Thus declare I, who
On earth he holds most dear.

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*Written for and read by Mrs. Jordan at the crematory service over Mr. Jordan's body.—Publishers.

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THE GAUGE

Fling wide the door of Everywhere
  And let Truth's sunlight in;
However blinding be its glare,
  'Twill purify all sin.

I ope the door of Everywhere,
  And, Life, I'll sup with thee!
'Twixt thee and Truth I will compare
  And gain my liberty.

Though scarlet hands should hold thy cup
  Of sparkling wine, O Life,
Why should I fear, if I may drink
  With thee and Truth, 'mid strife?

The Light that shines through Everywhere
  May clarify the scene;
If this be true, why should I care
  If Truth dare stand between?

Who knows but that the scarlet hand
  May lose its shadowed line—
And all because I oped the door
  For Everywhere to shine?

The Gauge

For Everywhere is Life and Truth;
The Light is shining Love.
The wine is but the living draught
That's rained from heaven above.

I ope the door of Everywhere!
Nor shall it close, until
I know that Life and I shall share
Truth's blessed, holy will!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS

Work a little, play a little,
Busy every day;
Sing a little, laugh a little,
Don't forget to pray.

THE world at present is filled with an overworked and tried people. And the real purpose of it all cannot be understood by mortal mind.

Humanity is surging with unbridled passion, and is tumultuous with uncontrolled grief. It is so blown about by anxiety and doubt that happiness to many seems to have lost its name. It is only those whose thoughts are stayed and purified that can make the winds and storms of present discord pause and obey the soul. There are some, we are glad to note, who are greatly in control of themselves, even in a time like this, and it is to them that the world is indebted for the light that falls upon the darkened pathway. Their calm and beautiful lives assure us that self-control by thought is the simple philosophy of happiness. That it is through thought and thought alone that the Divine Spirit works for all, and

that this calm and poise is obtained by frequently applying to this Divine source within ourselves.

After all is summed up we gain the truth, that happiness is a state of mind. To create this state the principal faculty to be employed is the imagination, for whatever the imagination continues to imagine, that will it create, therefore we cannot afford to imagine what we do not wish to realize in tangible life. To be really happy we must picture in mind a true state of joy, and when once discerned we must enter into it so thoroughly that we can feel it. Conditions of depression and gloom will begin to give way to this newfound state of mind. If the training is consistently kept up, in a reasonable time the entire personality will be overwhelmed by that beautiful individuality, which makes some people glow with a peculiar loveliness, which seems to say: "I know that the Father careth for me and for you, and is planning all things for our everlasting good."

When a mind once establishes itself in a faith like this, it is no longer subject to those powers that destroy and make useless the mind and body. When we try consistently to be something truer and greater, we cause all the

powers of love to flow to us. And this love will build us up in health. Whatever happens it is in us to try to be strong in mind; to try to be poised and pure in mind, and to try to be greater. We cause all the powers of love this way, and in no other, to create an atmosphere of happiness for ourselves.

The life that is within can say to the life that is without, "We are of one sweet and beautiful interest. The kind words you desire said to you, you must think and say to another; the love you so much want, that love you must give. The smiles you want to brighten your life, you must give away; the cheery voice you want to hear, you must give out; the same peace that you crave, you must give." This is the message that life gives for the simple getting of happiness.

To be patient under the oppressions of life certainly requires self-mastery. We must think, and through thinking learn to renounce selfish ideals. Through prayer and service we can gain happiness, that simple happiness that makes no fuss of arrogance.

So if we are down we must collect our minds and rise and be thankful that the great God thought enough of us to count us in His world royal, in a time like this. We must not whine,

grouch nor pout. It is common. Neither must we hang on to the past. Every day is a new birth, a new opportunity offered us by life. We must bear our burdens like gods, believing them to be door-ways to happiness. We should be very grateful for every experience, for through experience knowledge comes. If we will cultivate happiness, it will cultivate us. It is a law of self-government.

THE ANGEL PEACE

(Dedicated to sorrowing ones of our land.)

O weary hearts! O mourning home!
Let God's meek Angel gently come;
The Angel Peace will banish pain,
And e'en restore your lost again.
If you but let, our Father dear,
Will send his Angel Peace, to cheer.
Oh! thou who mournest, I would say:
"Come, cease your grieving, learn to pray,
'Tis not my will, O Heavenly One,
But Thy just will alone be done!' "
Then turn thine heart to the Angel kind,
Who gently whispers: "Be resigned!
Bear up, dear ones; the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

BRAIN CHILDREN

Our thoughts are like so many pebbles
Thrown out into Life's deep sea,
Which rippling wavelets, rolling
On throughout eternity.

Our thoughts are things Immortal
That, as Thinkers, we create,
Patterned by the Mind's designing,
In fair pictures which elate.

Then with care should we regard them,
Since they are of Self a part;
Lest it chance Life's breakers roll them
O'er a bruised and aching heart.

Let's fit them with the wings of Mercy;
They are children of our brain,
Floating far throughout the Cosmos,
Chanting out our life's refrain.

OUR WORK

HE greatest gift to mankind is work! And "work or starve" is nature's motto. Since this is true we all need to come in closer rapport with our work, whatever it may be, would we make it a success. Love is the power that can transmute work and drudgery into joy and gladness. Truly, love lightens labor.

One may love life and all that it brings in the way of opportunity through whole-heartedness, so that the meanest detail of it comes to have a meaning and beauty. It is not enough to make a sense of mere duty to wait upon our work; it is not enough to brood over it in thought; we must learn to love it! Yes, we should love our work and fill it with the life of our being. In this way only can we make it serve us.

Work is a necessity. The Creator might have given us our bread ready made; He might have kept us in the beautiful Eden forever; but he did not. He had a nobler end in view for man than the mere satisfaction of his animal appetites and passions. Work, when

properly performed, makes possible the highest attainments. All legitimate occupations are respectable and one should never feel above one's work. The mental attitude toward a thing is the thing that counts. There is always something wrong with the man or woman who looks upon labor as degrading. Any work nobly performed will lift a man or woman into respectability.

It is the struggle to attain that lifts the individual. The moment we put our hand upon that which looks attractive at a distance, and for which we struggle so hard, nature robs us of its charm by holding up before us another prize still more attractive. So it is we relinquish one prize to pursue another, but with added strength developed in the struggle to attain the last. We can never stand still, you know, but it is onward and upward forever! Yes, indeed, what a GREAT thing is work!

It calls us away from the hollow, conventional, untrue things, and forces us into actual contact with living, throbbing humanity. It gives us human experience. It teaches patience, perseverance, endurance, forbearance and application. It forces us to be tender, sympathetic and kind to one another. Through our work lost hopes are resurrected, griefs

are overcome, health is established and our world is brightened.

As long as we have work to do we should never despair or grow weary of Life's varied paths. They all lead Home—to Success; and success is God's approval of man's work, which He has given each to do and which must be done. Every soul should do his work the best he knows. And we should cheerfully and willingly help others with their work when we can, and seek to avenge no injury. All work is God's work, consequently as earnest men and women we should honor and obey its call. A great American, one who bravely started his life at the foot of the ladder of Toil, arriving at the top finally, said:

"Labor is the great master of the race. It is the grand drill in life's army, without which we are only confused and powerless when called into action."

How necessary then it is as laborers that we dignify our efforts and know that Success is the child of hard work and perseverance.

THE SKYLARK

The skylark near my meadow brook
  Knows naught of sorrow;
His one concern, it is to live
  To sing tomorrow.

'Tis to this end he hunts the worm,
  His song to strengthen;
He prays to God no prayer of doubt,
  His life to lengthen.

The skylark near my meadow brook
  Performs his duty;
And all who hear his song of love
  Concede his beauty.

He wastes no time in thinking where
  He'll sing tomorrow;
He has his voice, his wings, and worm—
  Why should he sorrow?

AS IT COMES

Take life as it comes,
  Don't grieve and despair;
Take life at its best,
  There's peace somewhere.

Take life as it is!
  Don't worry and fret,
There's never a good
  That's come of it yet.

Just take it, enjoy it,
  In spite of the wrong,
And hear the world echo
  With music and song.

'Tis both weak and foolish
  To whimper and sigh
O'er clouds of the morning
  That soon will float by.

REPEATING UNPLEASANTRIES

"I breathed a sorrow on the air—
It raised a cross for one to bear;
A brow grew wrinkled with my thought;
A heart was in its meshes caught.
It brought me grief—another, too,
This vagrant thought of mine, untrue!"

HOLD that all truths, both spiritual and natural, harmonize. One truth cannot oppose another. But it is the half-truth that causes so much sorrow and trouble in this world. Truth tampered with by a mind in half-truth fashion seldom fails to record sorrow and distress. It has often been known to break hearts. It has caused many useful lives to retire into oblivion for days and years, until old Time, the faithful adjuster, comes forward on reckoning day and straightens things out in proper order. But while we wait, we know that we have been robbed of some of our greatest characters, and it does not seem right.

These half-truths are tossed about by those undeveloped minds who find pleasure in repeating unpleasantries, and who think they are giving out "information" and caring

naught of the discordant effect that will follow. If persons of this character only knew that a deep, impenetrable gloom is always hanging between their minds and the celestial mind, maybe these dear beings would have more care. Maybe if they really knew this marvelous truth they would not venture over the threshold of their own mental abode with the half-truths that wound, and which, if tested out, they could not substantiate.

Anything that has in it no supporting strength is at best but a half-truth. This is all wrong—this carrying of messages that bruise and hurt. If I want to help, I must let my purpose be true. I must let my every thought be honest, accurate, clean and straightforward, otherwise I am playing the juggler, and cannot support that which I would build.

The thing for which we are all seeking is the best! But some of us have strange and circuitous ways of going after it. There is an eternal endeavor to reach the superior point. Our souls seek emancipation from omissions which our thoughts impoverish us with, and commissions, that defeat us for a time. In a dim sort of way we long to get hold of the valuable things of life, but our half-truth employment seriously interferes. We, as a rule,

lay too much stress on appearances—the unimportant, and are, therefore, hourly beset by small vexations. And the unpleasantries we are dealing in rasp and file and establish a wearing attrition that drains our vitality and finally induces insidious ailments which become in time serious afflictions.

As a whole, we must learn that peace and progress cannot or will not come by pricks and prods. These are the implements of delay. The whole truth and nothing but the truth can lead us safely to our goal. Every life should receive our sanction of happiness in its completeness. We should do all in our power to aid to this end. We must let go of mental phantoms that shadow us, if we want to walk upright. We must cease groping about in the debris of silly illusions.

Our messages of "information" should be none but those of highest encouragement, even to our most undeveloped friend. We should present our messages to each other with utmost respect and sincere good will. We should let no word pass our lips that would intentionally wound or coerce those we seek to aid. Morally, we may be forgiven for what we say and do, but nature exacts payment in full for our every thought and action. She has no special

providence nor favoring dispensations in her kingdom, and each thing or man must stand or fall with what is strongest or weakest in it or him!

Nature has endowed us all with the gift of giving. It is for us to learn HOW to manage this gift. By knowing that we shall get back in kind that which we give, we will probably in time become true artists in our distribution of gifts. And in doling out public information entrusted to us, we will learn in that there is a clean, sweet method of distribution. If our information be a message that is comforting and encouraging, it can be classed as truth. On the other hand, if it stings and hurts and angers, it is but a half-truth, reflecting forever the messenger in its shadows, where might have gleamed the sunlight of love and pure confidence, trust and faith.

THROUGH MISTAKE

Oh, what blunders we do make!
Blunders caused through sad mistake;
Knowing not what we create
Till too late! till too late.

Doing things we think are best,
Missing often peace and rest;
Feeling "This way is the best"
Till we wake—till we wake.

Till we wake to Truth and Right,
And behold the perfect Light
Hid so long from our poor sight
Through mistake, through mistake.

RIGHT IS MIGHT

Cover Right up with the shadows
  Of falsehood, if you will;
Press it beneath the billows
  Of hatred, it stays Right, still.

Sink it clear to the bottom
  Of degradation and stain,
But remember, cork-like,
  It shall rise again.

Pierce your poisoned arrow
  Deep into its palm,
Yet out of its own blood flowing
  Will be the healing balm.

THE CALL UP "GLORY TRAIL"

"We face to the front with our heads held high,
Though the Winds of Hate go roaring by,
We shall not falter, we shall not fail,
Till we reach the end of Glory Trail."

O sings Anne Virginia Culbertson, who, though an invalid, is following the Glory Trail with a light in her soul that would shame the luster of a Texas moon. Such individualities show the fearful, doubtful ones what it means to light the lamp of the soul and set it in the window of the heart while they climb Glory Trail.

Who of us, when we know of souls like these, and have a particle of ambition or the least bit of love in our natures, can resist the desire to fall in line and strike out a Glory Trail for ourselves?

We may not hope or even wish to make our Glory Trail a big sensation, still we feel we should do something for ourselves—something for humanity, when we are convinced that we are a link in its great chain. It is at such moments of meditation that we feel the near-

ness of Life and are reminded of many neglected duties. When Life presses so closely, we seem to sound her secrets, among which are heard: "Glory Trail, if lighted with inspiration of love and confidence in Good and nourished by a healthy Will, may be safely pursued, and, at the end of the journey, all noble desires will be found as ripened fruit."

It is the call! We feel our feet set on Glory Trail, with all of our forces concentrated for the climb. But we are told that we will find hovering around Glory Trail black clouds of criticism, and thunder of discouraging voices will break upon the way; and lightning-flashes of jealousy will dart athwart the Trail. But we are told, also, that on Glory Trail shine the most beautiful stars of appreciation, and that voices from on High call down to the toiling ones: "Onward, comrades, you shall not fail; we swear it who have climbed the Trail."

Those who are on the Trail tell us, when we answer the call, we are sure to feel the holy presences of those who have far advanced, and that we will receive their unselfish thoughts, and the touch of their sympathetic hands held out to us will not fail to cheer us. It will be then that we shall know, though the ascent be

steep, it is not nearly so rough as we had imagined it, and we will never under any circumstances want to turn back, but will fully enjoy the pull and the climb, because a belief is given us that Glory Trail is a Point that God set for us.

Those along Glory Trail are always unselfish. There is a comradeship among them which bubbles to the surface of their beings and reaches out to the small and weak and draws them nearer to the top of the Trail. All along Glory Trail to the very end, we are told can be found written: "Be strong; be brave; be true. Elbow no one; place no stumbling-block. Glory Trail is open for all who strive!"

Life speaks again and says that there will be struggles enough for those who choose the Trail without "extras" added through any selfish sources. It is Life who assures us of the value of the little things up Glory Trail. She tells us that the little kindnesses, the little courtesies, gratitude for favors received, and tender little smiles exchanged are the stepping-stones that insure safety up Glory Trail.

It is said, too, that one who strikes out Glory Trail in the name of Right makes rapid progress. And Love, it is affirmed, has planted all

along the Trail jewels of rarest thought; flowers from the richest minds, and that there resounds along the Trail the purest music, furnished by the laughter of little children. All these, it is said, are provided for those who have answered the call up Glory Trail, to divert their attention from the discouraging sounds, and the ungrateful things done, and to keep them in tune with the Infinite One who inspired one of the Glory Trail pilgrims to sing:

"Our feet are set on Glory Trail,
We shall not falter; we shall not fail.
The path is rough and the way is steep,
But straight to the Upward Trail we'll keep!"

LOOK AHEAD

Look ahead, don't look behind you
At mistakes that oft' did bind you;
They belong to olden ages—
Turn to Future's now—white pages.

Look ahead, a God-like being,
Eyes aloft, the bright side seeing,—
Heart of faith, a soul well knowing,
There's no lost hope in life's true sowing!

Look ahead in Truth abiding,
Trust thy spirit for the guiding;
The way, you cannot lose it, never!
Follow, trust it aye, forever.

Look ahead, don't give up trying
For the Goal; just cease your crying.
Smile and pray and keep on going,
God will mark thy patient sowing.

Life is great, just keep on striving
'Gainst the odds. You are arriving.
Share Life's glories, and forever,
They are thine. No past can sever

Thee from Love and Peace, thy making.
Look ahead, the Light is breaking!

OUR TRUE REFORMERS

"Heaven forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend,
Bids each on other for assistance call,
Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all."

UR nation is at this time struggling desperately to civilize society; to take from it the force of might and supply it with the power of right. It is using every means to balance the scales of justice, so that love and liberty will tip harmoniously in the life of the individual. That this work may be accomplished, men and women throughout our country are working singly and in bodies and are looking hopefully to see the perfect balance.

From a certain perspective it seems that the web of our present life is made up of faint lights and dense shadows, and some of us, peering through this encircling gloom, scarce know where we are. It looks like all the laws of St. Custom are being strained to the limit through the present process of reconstruction. No true friend of humanity can lightly look on the throng of social workers without a tug

of anxiety at the heart and an earnest thought of God speed the cause of right!

What a grave and delicate task this—the reforming of character-building from cause to effect. How many are there who are engaged in dealing out laws of reformation whose minds are truly intelligent of those laws with which they are dealing and who in thought are pure and merciful to the fine point of being just? The very coarsest person has in his nature the feeling that the dealer of the law should be one possessed of courtesy, kindness, courage and wisdom. A thoroughly justified feeling. Surely the reformer should be the most careful person, a good philosopher and a thorough student of human nature, with a positive knowledge that the human and divine are as closely associated as the flower and the stalk.

Properly investigated, it may seem that some of the most unnatural vices with which the reformer has to deal are suggested and perpetuated by certain mischievous customs which are considered altogether fashionable and unquestionably moral. The hasty denunciatory reformer cannot afford to stand on slippery places, would he lift the one who is below him.

The lesson of life is to see through, above

and under appearances. Things seem to be one thing when they are another. The impediment of all reform is that the inmost principle of the work in hand is overlooked, and that is, that the absolute reform must begin with the formation of the soul and body.

The idea of the true sort of reformation is not to punish but to correct. All evils are by nature earth-born and superficial and cannot spoil the soul that is for a time burdened with them. Give the misguided one something better to do and he is relieved.

Progression in time removes the evil collected through the habit of material thinking. Male and female Magdalens alike, under the sure law of construction, will drop the cumbersome caterpillar coat. The true work of reformation will be surer and quicker when men and women work side by side in its behalf. They must share equally in this beautiful cause. Humanity demands it. Imagine a woman at the bar of justice listening to a woman accused—a soul being tried in the balance, as is the case always. Can you imagine her mind stained by immoralities which she is seeking to correct? Can you picture her in crowded court rooms of wreathing tobacco smoke furnished by curious spectators? No,

I am sure that you cannot picture the impossible. A woman capable of filling so important a place would demand a clean environment and orderly atmosphere, and every man and woman entering the halls of justice, as all places of so much importance, would be in her presence looked upon as ladies and gentlemen until they were proven otherwise.

The time is fast arriving when true reformers will enforce the law of "Cleanliness is next to Godliness." Reformation is a philosophy of perpetual improvement, of changes, construction and progression. Its idea is not, as I have said, to punish, to condemn, to fight demons. Instead, it is to do a positive work for good. It is to instruct and reconstruct blighted lives and to build them into harmonial temples of thought, so that they may in this world, as well as in worlds to come, possess hospitable, happy homes. The work of the reformer is well on the way and none need feel discouraged if they happen to glimpse the sea of despondency, for "the world-spirit is a good swimmer," and the storms and waves of a few people's mistakes cannot drown him nor keep back forever humanity from its sunny spheres of love and liberty.

THE POET'S EAR

I have heard the voice of the birches,
Have hushed to the Silence's song,
Heard the whispering pines at night-fall,
And the echoes of days far gone.

I have read the thoughts of the flowers
When the curtained Night dropped low,
And the wind in plaintive sighing
Complained where the grasses grow.

I have heard the water breaking
In music over the stones,
And my soul has filled with sweetness
In harmony with the tones.

All these have I heard, day over,
'Midst hurry and rush of life;
And wondrous pure was the living,
Thus rendered void of strife.

FINDING JOY IN THE COMMON THINGS

"Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven,
To mould and make New Edens."

AS I lifted up my eyes on the still splendid mountains in the distance this morning and listened to their wordless communion, I was brought face to face with the silent Guardian who keeps faithful account of all misunderstanding hearts. I felt a quickening of my brain, followed by an energy which lifted me out of dull materialism and I found myself touched by the miracle power in the Common things, which out of sheer stupidity we attempt to link with the ordinary.

So few of us know that the common things of life bring us the only true love we ever realize. We are so misled by the artificial glare of things that we are unaware that our common life furnishes all the light and truth we actually possess. We do not know in our

life's upheaval, that the moods and changeless laws of common nature, lead to the unfoldment of all that is great and good in us; that the flower-embroidered common earth, and the common radiant heavens inspire the mind with visions of hidden truths.

From common experience, that strong link that holds together humanity, comes the secret joys that make life worth while. It is in the common sorrow that one finds the miracle of sympathy leads out to the miracle of peace, because sympathy through common sorrow creates selflessness.

The common worry thought and disappointment hold their lessons of light. We finally drop each, because we are of the life eternal which is serene. In the great common thought of Love, we lose our spiritual near-sightedness. The great common life shows us how to overcome our weaknesses, by boldly stripping from our personalities the garment of selfishness. This done, a true and spiritual vision sweeps our universe and we see things in their right proportion, and we awake to know that every disappointment has made us more than we were, not less. We know it by that feeling of a deeper confidence and courage that nerves

us to grapple with sorrow and loss that can finally mean nothing less than our gain.

The common laws of life mould us into such perfection, that we learn, that by one touch of nature a kinship with all life is formed, and that by such relations a great Overwhelming Force protects equally all life. With this truth lodged deep in our consciousness, we know that our common days are full of the power of love.

Ah, Love—the dear common power that holds together planets, and puts light and heat into suns; the power that builds the silent mountains and stores the green in the leaf; that scatters the gloom of our doubting and restores lost friendships and reunites nations, and forms Declarations of Independence, and proclaims Liberty and Justice for all, that life may have free and perfect expression.

Yes, these are some of the joys that come out of the miracle power of common love.

Then who would hug an environment that would close them in from the dear common things of life? Rather let us all awake and rise to meet the dear common things so fraught with measureless energies of the spiritual universe. Fearlessly let us proclaim: "God put me among the dear common things, these com-

mon people, these common duties, here in the heart of common nature, with the strength that makes me capable of filling my place and knowing that there is no mistake. My life is in a splendid and proper setting. I will let my common days be beautiful with the joys of common cheer, and thereby fulfill here the purpose of my life.

SECRET SERMONS

There are secret sermons everywhere!
They're hidden in the vap'rous air;
They are in the rainbow tints afar—
Sweet sermons hid in the twinkling star.
There are wondrous sermons in the sod,
Telling man of the love of God.
The roaring sound in the pink sea-shell
Conveys a mystery as well.
The stones, the trees, the running brooks
Hold greater sermons than all the books.
These secret sermons all might hear,
Would they but poise their soul's fine ear
And catch the hidden meanings well,
Which preach of Love, but naught of Hell!

THE RELIGION OF THE "BLUE-DOMER"

Learn to look up. Thou hast not seen
One-half the beauty of a summer's sky.
All its soft depth of melting blue,
Frames gorgeous pictures for thine eye.

HEN I opened my eyes this morning to the light of summer dawn, and saw between drifting clouds the suffused color of the awakened heavens and heard the birds echo through the soft air their rapturous notes of freedom, my heart moved with unspeakable gratitude, and I thought how blessed it is, in this age of social, political and religious unrest, that one can touch nature's heart and feel peace and comfort, though brief it be. And quickly there recurred to my mind a conversation of a few weeks ago that I had had with a man whom I had met for the first time.

This man was truly a great specimen of physical strength. Nowhere about him, in form, step, voice or eye, was there the remotest intimation of physical imperfection. "A man of affairs," was my instant mental comment as I regarded him, and such he proved to be.

Not a man of mediocre powers, but a man accomplished in things of actual value. Among some of his worth-while achievements he had served as mayor to a thriving city, and I learned later from others that he had filled that office with high honor.

But the thing that interested me about him most was his wonderful view of life. So unsophisticated, so natural was he, that I could not keep from asking questions of him. The net result of the answers obtained was as follows: He belonged to the religion of "Bluedomers," whose temple of worship was "The all-out-of-doors, covered with the blue sky. Here I worship daily," he said. He had always been able to positively throw the cares of experience aside when he stepped out into this great temple; had always been able to admire the beauty of the world, and to enjoy with deep gratitude the good things that came his way.

A worker from early boyhood, he had always taken good care of himself, guarding his health, eating plain food, taking no strong drink, and giving himself necessary sleep; recognized the truth that man's two great enemies were hurry and worry. He had always aimed to keep proper step—not too fast—not too slow—a gait that could keep pace without

drawing too heavily upon his reserve. He allowed only young feelings to dwell in his heart; he thought young thoughts, and those thoughts kept his mind bright and elastic; just as his prudence had kept his body sound and vigorous. He enslaved himself to nothing, but remained free, hopeful and full of cheer over which the years can never prevail.

I said to myself, when this man had gone, "Blessed is the man who sees, for to him the world is beautiful." If only more people had the religion of the "Bluedomer," truer worshipers would there be. There is within you something which longs to get back to nature and feel the pulsations of her hidden life. Why not cherish this yearning and, like the "Bluedomer," obey its call? Try it, anyway.

Make it your happy religion to look daily with seeing eyes at the blue sky. Think that the world is not all discord. Let the bird's song rouse the harmony in your soul. Have ears for the voice of the mountain and forest, where laughing waters play and the great winds blow. Breathe deeply the fragrant, nourishing air. Don't be afraid of being too poetical—too idealistic. There is an intensity of pleasure one feels who lives near nature. He who is blind to her beauties and dead to

her harmonies, lives a starved, pinched life. But to live with nature's moods and changeless laws will lead to the unfoldment of all that's great and good. By looking at the beauties in life, man's heart is filled with love and honest desire and good will.

Let your religion claim association with the planets and stars, the earth and all it contains. Enlarge your vision. Enlist with the "Bluedomer," and enter upon the discovery of new peace, new power, new joy, new love, and allow yourself to be touched by the divine fire that will quicken your tired, dull brain and make it responsive to an energy which lifts out of the confines of the mere physical and draws you close to the heart of being, thus filling you with gratitude for the priceless boon of life.

SLANDER

When will the golden dawn arrive
  And the angel of charity come
To seal the poisonous lips that hiss
  With Slander's venomous tongue?

When will the tardy conscience wake
  To sympathy's kindly touch
And yield that balm of mercy, which
  Its victim needs so much?

Oh! would that holy spirit now
  Pour forth into every heart
The oil of Truth and Justice fair,
  Known to no slanderer's mart.

Could Love abide where Slander dwells,
  All error then would cease;
And each would pray: "Thy kingdom come,"
  As taught the Prince of Peace.

KEEP A GRATEFUL HEART

"I praise Thee, while my days go on;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost—
With emptied arm and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

N a beautiful old book which I have in my possession, written 169 years ago, and published in this country in 1809, entitled "Self Knowledge," runs this passage: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, if we but keep a grateful heart."

I am quite in accord with the thought that the whole process of mental adjustment and atonement can be summed up in one word, "Gratitude."

Many people who order their lives rightly in all other ways are kept in poverty and other diseases by their lack of gratitude. Having received one gift from the hand of Love, they sever the wires which connect them with all Good, by failing to make acknowledgment.

It is easy to believe that the person who is constantly grateful lives in closer touch with the Law of Plenty, than the one who never looks to the Great Giver in thankful acknowl-

edgment. Gratitude alone can keep you looking upward and forward and prevent you falling into the error of thinking in limitations. If you are constantly grateful, nothing nor any one can bar you from expressing the divinity within you and giving out a certain happiness that endears you to the multitude.

Gratitude may not exempt you from trial and sorrow. To the truly grateful person, sorrow does not destroy happiness. Sorrow is one of the broad, deep channels through which the shining river of happiness flows. No one can know the real miracle of happiness until he has suffered. It takes a real Gethsemane of suffering to reveal to one how splendidly brilliant may shine the gifts of joy.

The person who can gratefully accept whatever comes into his life sees far beyond appearance. To such a person, beyond the cloud is always the silver lining. With heart and mind thus poised the cloud becomes as a shining light along the path, and a song of praise is wafted along, which lulls the pain and the woe of experience, and the sojourner finds himself in an illumined world wherein thieves cannot enter and take from him the gift of happiness.

Gratitude can be cultivated in the human

heart, for the seed is always there, ready for the gardener's hand. Instead of hammering with thoughts of vindictiveness at disappointment as so many do, it is wiser and far safer to take count of the million of small blessings that come your way. Grateful people know well that around about their lives are sweet and pleasant joys. Daily happenings they are. They are cognizant that the simple greeting of the friendly "Good Morning," could have as well been spoken to some other, as could have the many other courtesies which were chosen especially for them.

So much indeed comes to the most remote person, for which to give thanks, and to remind him that "There is a Soul at the center of Nature." Gratitude brightens the atmosphere of the soul and wipes the fogs of delusions away, and causes the mind to look over Life's field and realize that all winding paths lead "Homeward." Gratitude sets one free of selfishness and imparts contentment, while one "Waits upon the Lord." It lends dignity, and stops automatic habits, and conserves nerve energy. Gratitude puts forces into your being that take the sting out of daily contacts. It tempers one with sweetness, and power that makes for high morality, noble character and

radiates that happiness for which all the world is seeking. So I would say, thrill yourself with gratitude, and there will be no crisis too great, no hill too steep for you to surmount.

For the things of life you do not understand, be grateful, for dear Love will, at the proper moment make all clear. For the things that you do understand be doubly grateful. By this attitude you will change gloom to glow, your loss to gain, and your pitying self will become like a flowing fountain of pleasure, peace and prosperity.

WHEN HEARTS ARE TRUE

When hearts are true, as hearts should be,
The world will move in unity.
Hot hate, cold fear, and envy too,
Will disappear, when hearts beat true.
Fair Earth will join fair Heaven above
When hearts have learned that truth is love.

IS POVERTY A DISEASE?

"This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth, by poverty depressed."

HAVE been asked, and I think with all sincerity, "Is poverty a disease?" With the same sincerity I answer, I believe it is, as much so as rheumatism or typhoid fever.

It was related of King Solomon, who for centuries has stood as the type of wealth and wisdom, that he was offered the choice of supreme good in any form he wished. He simply chose wisdom. In consequence of that gift, but not as a reward of merit, as has so long been thought, Solomon's wealth became truly fabulous.

One of the common beliefs of the present is that wealth is power. This is untrue. Wealth is only an evidence of power. He who produces wealth is greater than the thing produced. Truth wisely handled produces all wealth—health, peace, knowledge, opulence. We have in the word of the great apostle, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is

and that which is to come." Yet we have continued to associate disease and poverty with godliness, and have even professed them to be necessary to the evolution of righteousness.

However, we are beginning to see that poverty and disease are one—springing from the same cause, subject to the same remedy, and that cause and remedy are within the individual himself, and proceed from a condition of mind. It is perhaps rather bold to say that poverty and disease are sins for which the sufferer is responsible. But with all sincerity I believe this to be true, brought about by our ignorance of the law of love or harmony.

I have discovered in the science of mind, that the only real, lasting healing is developed out of personal responsibility, resulting from the absolute freedom of the individual. Man is a responsible being, hence man should be free from poverty, and all disease and impurities developed by inharmonious thinking. Man is as he thinks.

Whatever may be said in favor of poverty, the fact remains that it is not possible to live a complete or successful life if one is sick and poor. To possess a sound body, that body must have proper nourishment and comfortable clothing and warm shelter. A certain

amount of rest and recreation certainly are necessary to physical life, and our modern customs are such that man must have money in order to get these.

There are certain laws to be obeyed in order to acquire the good things of life, and once these laws are learned and adhered to, man will rise out of the disease of poverty and become truly righteous.

There is one true and certain way to attain a rich, full life, and it is through thinking, desiring, imagining and doing. Imagination is the great creative force. It is the power of soul which finally brings all things to pass. A perfect body, quietly, calmly and faithfully imaged in the mind, will produce the ideal in the physical. All wealth, lovely friends, talents, a happy home, can likewise be brought into reality.

Humanity is sadly out of tune because it has neglected to cultivate wealth through the soul senses. The materialist sees and feels only with the physical senses, which are very poorly trained servants. He lives in effects; isolated from causes. We are poor "worms of the earth," because we have been cramped and mean in thought.

We have reversed the teachings of truth. In-

stead of developing our soul-qualities and being free, we have imprisoned ourselves in limitations; have sought things, and not principles. We have dwarfed our imaginations, and have contented ourselves with the belief that "things" applied to this life, and righteousness to another, all of which is unworthy of a humanity that lives and moves and has its being in God. Spirit, soul, mind and body are as closely linked as is life itself. In our silly definition of life, we have overlooked life's unity.

I cannot bring myself to associate poverty and disease with infinite goodness any more than I can make up my mind to separate myself from God's love and watchful care. To prepare ourselves to attract wealth we must first rid ourselves of all feverish, restless, anxious desire. Poise is power, the power necessary for the winning of any victory. We must discern the right and harmonious relations of things. We must insist upon a larger interpretation of life. We must know that we are one with all, and that within ourselves lie all defeat and victory; that we are the "chosen one" and very dear to the heart of being, and that we need not beg and supplicate, for we live in the midst of health and plenty, heirs to

all that God is. Thought, thought, thought, is the golden key to wisdom's storehouse, but thought must be holy, wholesome and heavenly.

THE DIVER

It is the diver, strong and brave,
Who dares to find his coral cave,
Fearless and alone he seeks
The treasured jewel of the deeps.

WHY SOME PEOPLE FAIL AND OTHERS SUCCEED

"Measure your mind's height by the shade it casts."

E all know by observation that some people have a way about them that makes for their progress and success, while others have a way about them that repulses people and things necessary to the attainment of their desires, and we wonder why 'tis so, since we are taught that God is wholly impartial with his children.

Among the first mentioned, are men and women who have come from the most ordinary conditions in life, starting out in the race with no financial assistance, few friends, little or no education, yet we see them occupying enviable positions. On the other hand, there are those who begin life with a fair amount of financial backing, influence and excellent education, yet who appear never to rise above the ordinary, often losing the financial help and influence with which they started.

We hear certain people spoken of as being "unusually attractive," and when they come under our observation, we find that it is not

what they say, do, or know, that impresses us, but it is what they are! It is that "way" they have—that subtle something within them that electrifies us and makes us turn from more intellectual minds and follow these human magnets with a willingness and pleasure. As we study these attractive people we find that more times than not they are all unconscious of the subtle influence they wield. Their natures are spontaneous and childlike. Of course, there may be exceptions. We must watch for this. We note also that these winning ones are invariably optimistic, cheerful and hopeful. If they are confronted by misfortune and disappointment today, they are up bright and early on the morrow with renewed energies. Too, they most always have peculiarly clear and drawing voices. Oftentimes their manners are quiet and unassuming, conserving, as it were, their powers for a more proper time for use. They move around in their little planets as if assured of being linked securely to those planets necessary for their harmony and success.

"Magnetic people" we call these individuals who marshal us into their selected paths of action. Spiritual science tells us that magnetism is an enveloping ethereal force and

emanates from the soul, and that it is warm and healing in its effects, and that electricity is chilling in its effect and belongs to the material organization—the body. Andrew Jackson Davis, in his great "Harmonial Philosophy," reiterates that magnetism belongs to the element of spirit and electricity to the material element, and the two combined make up the organization of man. He then says that mind can turn these creative energies into any channel at any time, when it has learned the art of transmutation. We do know that all powerful forces rightly and intelligently used can work wonders of good. The foregoing statement may help us to somewhat understand why some people "freeze us out" and others warm and comfort us to the point that we are willing to make sacrifices in order to help them toward the things they desire. Whether they are aware of it or not, these magnetic beings have a way of keeping close in touch with that source of supply that furnishes them with many privileges and joys that make for vigorous living. If they did understand their precious powers, we can imagine what wonderful geniuses they would become. Ignorance certainly destroys marvelous forces in man, and it is the enemy to be overcome.

Why Some People Fail

In an article by the noted writer, Owen S. Marden, "Why So Many College Men Fail," might well apply to others who fail. In part he writes: "They fail because they surrender their own individuality and become saturated with other men's thoughts; they mistake stuffed memory for education, knowledge and power, and through language and sciences become ignorant of human nature." If those of us who desire to increase our rate of magnetism, that life power that makes for success along constructive lines, would keep our thoughts a fraction above the surrounding mental temperature, we would accomplish our endeavors. Certainly the spiritual forces within us do act upon the material things about us. It is this spirit force that filters through the particles of our being and makes us strong, healthy, athletic, attractive creatures, and, if we only had a mind to draw on this supply consistently and intelligently, we would be able to keep ourselves looking respectably youthful, active and useful, until such a time as we were willing and ready to make that glorious change of transition, where a greater usefulness is certain to be ours.

I verily believe, that no one while here need be repulsive, ugly, cross and forbidding. I

believe all can become radiant centers of wonderful attraction. But we must study the power of thought, and what sort of mental images we reflect on the canvas of life; whether they are tending to increase or decrease our powers of attraction. If magnetism be an element of the spirit, we must then live nearer the spirit in consciousness, would we receive from the spirit the blessings of a well-rounded and wholly successful life.

TO BE AND NOT TO SEEM

There's just one purpose in my life;
  To be, and not to seem;
The burnt-out fire-crypts of my heart
  Have lost their crimson gleam.

Life's holiest lessons all are mine;
  From touch so deep within
They press to consciousness without
  And plead, their cause to win.

Clean emptied of the worldly glare,
  My soul desires a test
To prove its power, though often crushed
  In striving for the best.

To know myself, and, knowing this,
  To be, and not to seem,
Must be my soul's great ultimate
  Would I sweet Truth redeem.

I'll bravely reach far out and give
  And grasp, and dare to be
A royal spirit of that One
  Who mouldeth Destiny.

MAKE OF LIFE A MELODY

Make of life a melody—
Sweet and pure and strong—
Then joyfully let it play
Through God's world of song.

A RADIANT light is he who can, in spite of suggestions of calamitous minds, look out of the windows of the soul and behold life full of beauty untouched by emotional disturbances of hearts who have not as yet linked themselves with the "choir invisible."

When Jesus said, "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid," He meant that peace and joy and a life of sweet melody should be the result. Certainly it is in the reach of every one to be at peace and express life in its fullness. And he who would wrest from the least of God's children that confidence and trust, built up by the soul and which frees from selfishness and fear, is guilty of a serious wrong for which he must pay a price.

Every individual is the maker of his own paradise. The peace that Christ gave to us for an everlasting possession is guarded and sus-

tained only by our thought. He who fixes his mind steadfastly upon making life what he desires it to be, will in due time realize the product of his desires. It is the music within ourselves that creates the music without. A thousand roses bloom at dawn for those who love roses. A thousand angels bless the saint who walks love's highway. And the faithful, fearless one knows quite well that the waters of life, disturbed by the pebbles thrown from the hands of the ignorant passerby, will, by the natural law of tranquility, resume their pure state of harmony. Intelligent minds know that life is what one makes of it. God is in all things and acts in every possible way.

The fear of God brings no blessing to any living thing. It is the law of love that performs all perfect work and brings to the human family the joys and gladness it craves. As thought is first, the discouraged must lift their thought to the plane of the beautiful. Think not that the vanished years took away your capacity for the best in life, for they have not. The years are all alike and they take nothing of vital need from the soul that other years do not bring. Life is going on forever and does not end at the gate of earthly transi-

tion. Let no one frighten you nor retard your progress with fears conjured up in the shadows of a human intellect.

Spirit alone can interpret life and God, and in spirit do you live, move and have your being. Throw open the windows of your splendid mind and bask in the sunlight of life. Make the most of yourself today by clear and orderly thinking and lay hold on the joy of the precious moment and the next will be beautifully begun, no matter when you quit this plane. Make yourself the perfect being that you are and stand upright, and the whole of your life will be a beautiful symphony. Yes, live in the sunshine and it will invigorate your body and vitalize your mind.

There may be much misery in our land, but we cannot lessen it by adding more. It is only by being brave and cheerful that we may be useful and gain the lessons in store for us. "Our progress," says Emerson, "comes through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems at the time to have a superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new." Frankly let us accept it all and be grateful for what it gives. Let us not let go of it until the blessing be won, and after a short season the dismay will be overpast, the excess of influence withdrawn,

and there will be no longer an alarming meteor, but one bright star, shining serenely in our heaven and blending its light with our day.

He who forms the habit of looking for the bright and happy side of things, who sees the gorgeous color in the grass, the sunlight in the flowers, who hears the melody of the robin, and the sermons in the stones, and realizes the good in everything, sculptures his own face into beauty and adds a perfect grace to his being. Such an one can never be detached from eternal life.

All one's life is music, if one but touches the notes rightly. It is the natural state of man to be free, happy and harmonious, and he can be the moment he tunes the instrument of self to the keynote of love. It is in this wise he makes of life a continuous melody.

FRIENDSHIP'S RECALL

If you have lost a friend, dear one,
By sharp or hasty word,
Go, call him to your heart again,
Let pride no more be heard;
Recall to him those happy days,
Too beautiful to last,
And ask, if words should cancel years
Of trust and friendship fast?

Be true, despite your foolish pride,
Before all hope is gone;
Enthrone your friend within your heart—
He's missed your love too long!
Let not reproach, with frowning gaze,
Knock at your door in pain,
But nobly say: "I'll bring him back,
My once-loved friend, again."

And joy, sweet joy, will fill your breast,
And life will brighter shine;
You've to your better self been true,
Hope's roses round you twine;
So, if you've lost a friend, dear one,
Call! if he answers not,
'Tis then his loss; your duty's done
And will not pass forgot.

THE FORGIVING SPIRIT

"They most live who most enjoy,
Most love and most forgive."

JESUS, our great teacher, who knew so well the art of living, never failed to urge upon the minds of men the law of love and tolerance and the forgiveness of wrongs committed. In the realm of permanent ideals none scintillate more beautifully than the sweet spirit of forgiveness. So strong and powerful is this spirit, that it sweeps hate off its material pedestal and covers it with the mantle of forgetfulness. This lovely spirit has set its altar up in the hearts of those who have overruled the flesh and its dark forces and who are able to understand the meaning of Christ, love and life.

If you will carefully observe unforgiving persons, you will find that they possess unnatural features. In their eyes is a cold, steely glitter. About their mouths plays a cruel, cynical expression. Their faces generally have a frosty, chilly, pinched look. They have not that tenderness of expression that one expects to see. They live in a frigid zone of mentality,

weighted with garments of unreality. No paint, no powder, no masque, nor any amount of material wealth can hide the marks with which they have stamped themselves.

Unforgiveness is the twin sister of hate; and hate is godlessness, and ignorance is mistress of them both. It is a thoughtful opportunity to sometimes watch with what vehemence and seeming satisfaction some persons express their contempt for another who has roused their displeasure. The one who sees the error of it is indeed grateful for the realization of "How blessed are they who overcome self," and who can follow the independent path of the Holy Spirit which builds up the structure of being with love's healing forces.

If persons who stiffen themselves and say, "I cannot forgive!" actually knew that through this stubborn willfulness they are losing the light from their eyes and that a darkness, darker than accumulated midnights, is hovering about their souls, perhaps they would make a supreme effort to understand the real meaning of, "As you sow, so must you reap."

Certainly persons who indulge in contentions, in "hitting back," declaring murderous intentions, sometimes refusing to speak to their neighbor, whom they are commanded to love

as themselves, are sipping poison and creating mental microbes that will devour all that is worth living for, and from which even the transitional state cannot free them—not until they themselves turn the current of thought. There is a Hermetic axiom—it is very old—which says, "It is not what another does to me that counts, but it is what I do to another."

No one who respects the truths taught by the gentle Nazarene can hold in his mind condemnation of his brother, nor even think that there is a lasting place of darkness for him. The Nazarene's example throughout His career, so far as we know, was clean, pure service. Through the law of love He recognized no enemies. As a Hermetic, He was calm and dignified, used no slang phrases, but was careful of every word that fell from His lips. With the cross on His shoulders, He conversed peacefully and lovingly with the multitude who insulted Him on the way to Calvary. Kind and forgiving to the very end was His way. When we as His disciples learn the art of thinking, we will know how ridiculous, how very, very foolish and unworthy is the idea of resentment. We shall know that poise is all the self-protection necessary. Yes, we will one day learn, as Emerson says, that our

own orbit is all our task. How we move and act in it, will prove life as can no one outside of it.

If love is the fulfilling of the law, then the unforgiving nature can have no part in it. In love there is no place for resentment or self-seeking; no place for haughtiness nor any egotism. To be highly respected of God and man we can allow no frivols or false standards or doctrines to steal from us any spiritual enjoyments that are meant to strengthen us and help us to stand out as true individuals in a time that demands men and women; men and women who can lay aside all differences in that spirit of loyalty to the point of saying, "Forgive my mistakes; they are transitory and must not disrupt the good work that we are set to do together."

When we are spiritually sound no thought or word or act of another can arouse vibrations of pain. Co-operation is the need of the hour and can be established only by men and women of loyal natures, who are dominated by the spirit that can forgive seventy times seven times, and more, if necessary, and be kind.

MY ROSARY

Let the beads of my life be
Thoughts of love, entirely free
From strife and selfishness
And all which fails to bless.

Let the central thread—my heart—
Be strung with truth. Let me impart
Noble words while here
In this glorious sphere.

For well I know the after-years
Ne'er will give me grief and tears,
If now my rosary bind
Loving thoughts and kind.

THE PENETRANT LIGHT

There is no life, however dark,
But has some ray of light;
There is no soul so steeped in sin
But has some thought of right.

No heart can drift so far away,
E'en though on evil bent,
But that a light will penetrate
And utter harm prevent.

THE MEANING OF BROADMINDEDNESS

OME people have peculiar ideas of what constitutes a Broad Mind. It is often sadly confused with lax-mindedness. I have listened to some very confused thoughts on the subject, some of which, by their repulsiveness, sent a quiver around the region of my heart.

If some people's advice to "get out in the world and broaden your mind," was obeyed, certainly the pedestal of Morality would crumble beneath us. To have a broad mind, does not mean to believe in everything, but it means to have power to see the Right, the True and the Good everywhere. It means to separate the wheat and the chaff in every department of life. The broad mind is awake to the purest, the best and the most beautiful in every sphere of human experience. The broad mind is also aware of that which is inferior—that which is destructive, unclean, and positively, though forgivingly, rejects it.

"Broad minds" must learn that the statement of "All Is Good" is, under certain interpreta-

tions, a whole truth, but as usually interpreted, it is one of the most dangerous half truths. To say, that all that is real is good, would be stating the truth, but to say or think, that all temporary conditions are also good would not be true, consequently very unsafe to take into one's daily living.

I have known many so-called broadminded persons, persons who accept everything as "all right," to fall into some very disastrous pits. The truth is, that many such people start out on Life's highway, with no self-knowledge, little experience and rush into effects, blind to cause, and, in such a state of mental fomentation, lose themselves in the whirlpool of destructive thought, until common sense comes to their rescue.

There is something more in life to the truly broadminded person than those things and conditions that appeal to the physical senses. There are faculties in mind that far transcend the ones we usually employ in our effort to be broad. And since it is our purpose in God's great plan to make the fullest and the best use of everything that we may possess or develop, nothing can be more important than to know what to do with those things that lie just beyond the limitations of the present.

Many may say "One world at a time," and refuse to recognize what the physical senses cannot now comprehend, but all must sooner or later realize that no step forward was ever taken without transcending the ordinary and penetrating the unknown. So much of this "broadmindedness" which preys upon the world is known to be, by higher developed minds, sheer narrow-mindedness.

In practical every day life, no progress is possible unless we strive to go beyond the ordinary present, because in all things the greater lies always above us and beyond our physical means. There is a superior reality for the broad mind to comprehend before it can yield a sweet satisfaction. No mind can broaden with the common husks of mortality for food. To develop a broad mind is to understand the different phases of life about us, what they have in actual worth, how weak or strong they make us, how much lasting power they really give us.

It is with clear understanding that we learn the truth of broadmindedness—and its moral effect upon our lives and the lives of those who intimately touch us, and upon society generally. Through a properly broadened mind we learn how to use things and how to gain the

power to produce what results we may desire.

It is every one's opportunity and right to live a well rounded, clean, wholesome life, and only such a life can be considered as belonging to a broad mind. All others are false and dangerous, for which no well disposed person can dare pay heed. Only persons who live, think and work in harmony with God's pure will can broaden their lives to the degree of doing everything that is necessary to the fulfillment of that obligation which life has imposed upon them.

ACROSS THE PATH

'Tis just a little way across the road to Kindness—
Just a little way where we can lose our blindness;
The blindness of distrust with which we treat each other;
If we would cross this path, we'd often meet a brother.

'Tis just a little way across where Love is calling;
Just a step or two—no more—where tears are falling;
Just a tender beating of hearts, and hate gives way—
Oh, then's the time to act, while Love is holding sway!

So easy then it is to cross the path to Kindness;
So simple then it is to lose our stubborn blindness,
When burdened hearts to us in love and pain are calling;
"Come across the way, for there sad tears are falling;

You are the needed one—come on across the line,
The path lies open wide for thee and thine."
'Tis just a little way across the path to Kindness—
Just a little way, where all may lose their blindness.

KINDNESS A FINE ART

IT was delightful to hear a sweet-faced woman remark at a literary club—while she plied her knitting needles to a gray scarf—that polite people are always kind and that there is no excuse for persons to be sharp of tongue, even when they are compelled to deliver sharp truths.

In my investigations I have found that a marvelous strength lies back of a kind heart. I am not referring to that spasmodic, inconsistent sort of kindness that sometimes exudes itself for selfish reasons, but I am speaking of that pure, sincere quality that cannot be counterfeited; that which has the Midas touch that enriches life and proves a balm in Gilead.

I am certain that the majority of thinkers will agree with me, when I say that the best-looking people are the kindly disposed. Some of them may not at first sight appeal to the eye, but as you associate with their beauty of disposition, and fall under the influence of their thoughtful natures, you gradually find yourself admiring their unusual grace of form and

feature. There is just that something about them which is alluring, and you feel so safe and at ease in their protective atmosphere.

At times it may seem a very small thing to give or receive a kindness, because it appears to be something belonging to the common order of things. True, it amounts to just a thought expressed in a word or an act, but oh, my! the untold joy it often brings. Well do we know that this dear old world is held in place, preserved from chaos, by the law of kindness. And those persons who are responsive to this law are the world's artists. For, like the artists who paint themselves into their works, kind persons are ever putting themselves and their own characters into the lives of those about them, although it may not always appear so. The spirit of kindness in contact with a sharp tongue, may seem to lose its power, but the influence of love is far more positive than any apparent antagonist.

The gross, the bizarre, the sensitive, the delicate, will all come out on the canvas of life and in tones you cannot mistake. The face, the texture of the skin, the light in the eyes, the set of the lips, the curve of the chin, all index the character of the artist. You need no "Woman of Endor" to tell you who is who. He who runs may read. It is all very simple.

And culture, of which we hear so much, unless centered in the heart and mind, is not culture, and can never bring that soul-satisfying joy for which all yearn. Those possessing real culture are never idle, lonely or forgotten, but are always in demand. So strong and reliable are they, that the world is ever ready to shower upon them honor and distinction. Organized and disorganized minds alike seek them. They are like a balance wheel in the whirl of life. They can shoulder the worries and misfortunes of others without assuming the conditions of such. They know how to keep themselves free, and the poise and patience of these kindly beings make them the saviours of the world. This great truth was made plain by Buddha Gautama, at the close of his spiritual life, when he was asked by his faithful disciple, Ananda, who would be the next great Teacher, and how would he be known. Buddha's reply was that he would be known as Maltreya, which means, he whose name is Kindness. Those who review the life of Jesus know that in every instance, even when sharp truths demanded emphasis, Buddha's prophecy proved true. The quiet, peace-loving Man of Galilee demonstrated culture in the highest sense and gave us the most beautiful lesson in kindness, which he practiced in all sincerity

and truth, and which has made humble fishermen and kings honor him for almost two thousand years.

Kindness is one of Wisdom's ways, which knows no age and heeds no time. It can be easily cultivated in the secret chambers of the heart, and given outwardly in the most practical way, and I fearlessly state that there is no living thing that will not in time respond to its magnetic touch of Love, and in turn give back to life its refining influence, thus bearing me out, that Kindness is a fine art— a very fine art.

PROTECTION

I'll make my heart a little bower,
For sunny glints to play;
And when the dark comes on tomorrow,
My feet, Life's path will ray.

IN THE HEART'S TWILIGHT

Our deepest life is when we are alone.
'Tis then we live the best, think thoughts most true.
Here, in the mystic abyss of the soul,
We clearer see through creeping shadows blue.

We think of loved ones, and softly they draw nigh;
'Tis often with half-pain we feel them near.
Here in the twilight of the heart we know,
There is something truer, something doubly dear.

In this magic solitude, alone,
We feel the hero touch of our beloved friend,
That each living contact robbed us in its life,
And makes us know at last, true love can never end!

"IN THE DESERT OF WAITING"

"With aching hands and bleeding feet,
We dig and heap—lay stone on stone.
We bear the burden and the heat,
Of the long day and wish 'twere done.
Not until the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern."

HERE is not one in life's great brotherhood who is spared the griefs and discouragements in the "Desert of Waiting," a place where all at some time are destined to dwell.

As we wend us along its weary way, we meet the many who are worn by the stamp of trial and test. It is by our own baffled hopes and heartaches that we are brought in closest sympathy with our discouraged brothers.

On some of the faces we meet in "The Desert of Waiting," are seen the lines of patient resignation, on others bitterness and rebellion. And as we behold them, we are reminded of that inspired little book called "In the Desert of Waiting," and wish that the disheartened one might rest in the midst of the Desert and review its beautiful and hopeful pages. The lesson that it teaches is full of wisdom for those

who are struggling with coarse materialism and untruth.

How blind we are oftimes. How unmindful are we that the spirit of love is sitting nearer us than hands and feet—here in our "Desert of Waiting." It takes the illumined soul to see God in the cloud and to hear His footsteps in the desert, and know that often man is nearest his own best good right where good seems not to be. When man wakes to this illumination the desert becomes abloom with fairest blossoms, and cooling streams thread their way across the scorching sands; a new power of interpretation voices the strange waiting and in the distance loom the gates of the City of the Real, where each will arrive with a clear understanding in due time—after the lessons are learned.

While we wait for this spiritual illumination, we must not allow our strength to go from us. We must be brave and strong. Through the hard experience of waiting we must think clearly of right. For it is through clear thinking that we can act promptly and decisively and win the mastery over false thought. It is through thinking clearly that understanding comes. We cannot afford to yield our strength to the desert, for we must gain the beautiful city ahead.

Love and a willingness to serve those less strong than we, will add to our strength in attainment. In the Desert where hard lessons are learned, we feel very often that we are wasting our time. We allow ourselves to think, as we labor for others and give them the best we have, and receive in return so much unkindness, that love's labor is lost. It takes a great soul, endowed with much courage, to be patient at such a time. But the great first cause—the power behind all things—will work all out with honor and glory.

The gift of "The Desert of Waiting," with its trying experiences, is the lesson of patience, one of the strongest endowments of the soul. Patience is the guardian angel at the door of peace. We are taught always to look for the light, for guidance for the law of conduct, not in the outward world at all, but in the inner chamber of the heart. Peace or happiness cannot be found in any ceremonial observance, but it is found in a certain manner of thinking, in a mode of feeling and behaving inwardly. Being tender and truthful, forgiving and grateful for friendships in times of need are the agents of the soul which liberate us from "The Desert of Waiting," and bring us at last to realize our highest desires.

WHEN A MAN IS DOWN

When a man is down, the thing he needs
Is a ready lift, not prayers and creeds.
When he is on his feet again
Your prayer, your creed, will be made plain.

A hand extended is worth more
To one who's down, than saintly lore;
'Tis the lift he needs, to set him free—
Mere words are but a mockery.

Our prayers and praise may all sound nice,
But a loving lift is the best advice;
It raises more, when a man is down,
Than the glowing lure of a royal crown.

BUILDING A CITY BEAUTIFUL

I built me a city beautiful; a Diana's temple fair.
It was strong and white and solid; not a weak spot anywhere.
Its cornerstone was "Morals," blocked out of Life itself,
Through toil and pain and sorrow, in a fight against mad pelf,
I saw it grow in splendor, as a lily pure and strong,
And to it safely gathered a wondrous, mighty throng.

THERE is no person who would not want to boast himself a resident of a beautiful city, peopled with alert, progressive souls who stand for all that is high-classed and good. And well does the thinking one know that such a city is created through physical and moral treatment.

Just now there seems to be hovering over every American city and town a spirit of unusual intelligence, asking, "How can local crime and poverty be extirpated?" Surely this question is an exciting appeal to the sympathies of every individual, and puts the sincere reformer to a most serious test. But the practical reformer who strives to live the true life of home, city and government knows very well that his duty is to live and exercise certain principles that are innately his. And unless his home and his city reflect such principles of

love and reformation he has failed greatly in those principles for which he should account, and for which home, city and country cannot excuse him, in his failure.

Certainly this is a time of self-analysis and the realization of the necessity of unity, wherein lies the strength to develop all great things. This is the age when the idealist must walk boldly out in flesh and blood and voice those things so long pictured in his mind, of cities fair and beautiful. It is high time for him to live in deeds and exemplification of fraternal love and distributive justice, and thus become the practical reformer. Such a course of action on the part of the reformer will make it hard to live out uniformly the principles of justice which reside in his soul. But nevertheless we have had, and have now, a number of examples of practical philanthropy.

The city beautiful must have for its foundations brave hearts and truth-loving minds; minds that are clean in their own thought world. It is only such hearts and minds that can free the streets and by-places of mendicants and impostors, vice and ignorance. Such high-classed minds banded together form what every city must have—would it grow in sym-

metry and grace—a "moral police," who, as a body of men and women—yes, women—will do a positive good for humanity and for the sake of principle. This moral police must work as a part of the legal or municipal police. Clergymen and laymen, good men and good women and all benevolent societies who desire the good of a city, must compose this Christ-like band of brothers. The impulse of honesty and true justice for all must dilate their hearts and energize their movements. Let the moral police be spiritually remunerated with an internal consciousness of well doing. Let their pecuniary remuneration flow from the new streams which will be thrown open and compose the copious contributions to the new movement. This cleansing body of men and women should not number one biased or hysterical mind.

No "clean up" of a city can be cleaner than the minds that are working in the process. For the sake of the general health, refinement and civilization, let the entire city be cleansed and beautified; let the street-sweeper be justly remunerated for his labor. Remember that poverty breeds vice. Let occupations be so well selected and so well executed as to encourage the laborer to do honor to the executive

committee and make proud the spirit of reformation everywhere.

America is now most truly the lighthouse of the world and should become its example. The clouds of old things are passing, and her intelligence, freedom and generosity and sparkling spirituality must bless the unadvanced multitudes, and accomplish that which her democracy seeks to adjust. But certainly America's home cities must reflect that high standard of morality and beauty that will lift those cities and nations beneath her. Out of our American hearts must flow those divine treasures of truth, that will build lasting and strong our own cities. It is a delicate task, but a very possible one. One to be most carefully thought out, and backed by an enthusiasm not born of wild excitement of a day's duration.

We must remember that flowers must bloom in our minds first, before they can go as gifts to our neighbor. So runs the law of order, in the individual, the home and our cities beautiful.

LEARN TO LOOK UP

Learn to look up. You have not known
One-half the beauty of a summer sky.
All its soft depths of melting blue
Frames gorgeous pictures for your eye.

Learn to look up, and list the tone
Awaking from the vast unknown;
But nestle near to Nature's breast
And find in her a joyous rest.

Learn to look up, till you have glanced
Into the Face that lights the day;
Then never will your spirit fret,
Your feet shall never lose their way.

NEVER BECOME DISCOURAGED WITH YOURSELF

"Courage—an independent spark from Heaven's bright throne,
By which the soul stands raised, triumphant, high, alone."

IN striving to become acquainted with one's self, it is wonderful to see how many sides there are to us. Different experiences call out different expressions of our nature. To "Know Thyself," is indeed a marvelous undertaking. Truly we are each a wealth of hidden treasures, but it seems sometimes, as a young man said to me, that we turn out a lot of useless rubbish. So does the gold mine. The latent forces within us seem to have so arranged matters, yet it is all right, for Truth can work us nothing but good. Raphael needed the common clay out of which to work his immortal glories of art. And no doubt the master sculptor made many mistakes and spoiled many pounds of clay before he forced through it the ideal toward which he was working. But we have no record of his discouragements. He kept right on with the "common clay," building stronger and surer and more beauti-

ful the images of his wondrous mind. Had Raphael succeeded at once, the world would have never known the many sides to his art-nature. And so it is with us all.

There are inexhaustible storage batteries in every human being, and it is knowing ourselves through experience, through contact with life's many phases, that we find out that nature has endowed us richly. We need all the experiences that come to us—all the sides to our natures to help us to unfold the soul's powers. And, when we resolve to defy defeat and smile at dangers, nothing can long stand in our way to victory.

More and more I am convinced, that man is the most unexplored of all Realities. He has scarce begun to touch the stars in their orbits and place them in view by his creative genius. With mind thoroughly unfettered, man will launch himself upon the shoreless sea of Knowledge where his Great Spirit will unlock all the secrets of creation. He will prove himself unconquerable, and will become in time a miracle of achievement.

No difference what happens to you, don't allow yourself to become discouraged, for you never can tell what moment your "lucky star" will burst upon the horizon of your being.

Never Become Discouraged With Yourself

Whatever you are trying to become of use to the world, take your desire and create it into reality. Lift your heart and mind from the tomb of limitation, disappointment, despair and doubt. These are infections of Fear. Let the shining light of Inspiration filter through your sluggish energies. However crude, rough, starved or crushed your desires may be, set your imagination to work and visualize them with the divine illumination of yourself, and enliven them with faithful work.

Life's sun is but risen for you. You are not too old and played out. Keep your desires high, noble and strong, and youth, vigor and endurance will return to you, and new kingdoms will open their spaces to you. Obsess yourself with no notion that you can't perform, or that you are not free to attain the heights. You are your own victim; no one can hold you back, if you will to go forward.

Become acquainted with yourself, for it is the purpose of your life. The many sides to you possess marvelous possibilities. Only believe in them. Life has need of you, so stop doubting.

Arm yourself with sincerity, courtesy, kindness and joy, and with your desires march upward and onward, an inspiration to the world in which you are privileged to live.

WHAT DOESN'T PAY

It doesn't pay to storm and fret
And kindness in your heart forget;
It doesn't pay to hunt the wrong
In erring friends who pass along.

It doesn't pay to say mean things—
They're sure to hurt like adder stings.
It doesn't pay to frown on those
Who've drunken deep of bitter woes.

It doesn't pay to storm and fret
Nor darken life with vain regret;
But this one thing I know and say:
Be tender, kind; for that does pay!

THE GREATER WEALTH

A SPLENDID editorial of recent date tells about a man who buried his soul while he went out into the world to achieve a fortune and satisfy his ambition. It goes on to say that the heart of this money-getting man, "whose eyes were fixed on gold," was painfully empty, even after he had gained all that he had buried his soul for. In the end it was revealed that this man's soul by being covered up so long with the dirt of selfishness had died, leaving him void of the finer senses of feeling and self-respect.

This is one instance of many where the acquirement of money causes man to lose the real appreciation of wealth, instead of gaining the joy that should come with it.

Money or any material thing sought without the pure association of the soul and sanction of the spirit, will certainly prove coals of fire in the hands of one, that will burn and scorch and sear the soul to the degree that he will lose all in his nature that once was good and true. And to make up for it he must try the journey all over sometime, somewhere.

There is wealth for all. Plenty for every living being. But there is a royal way to it. That way is the way of truth, which provides life, light, love and goodness, and the heart that honors these cannot miss the way to wealth. When one follows this path, one will have no occasion to be frightened from it. They know that this path is safe and certain. Neither will they fear to speak out boldly in defense of it if the occasion demands, though the wolves of materialism howl outside the path.

Invariably does God present each with a gift as a means to guide him along the royal way. If it be used to the honor and glory for which it is intended, it will provide all necessary comforts for the individual while he accumulates the greater wealth. Moreover it will prove a protection in all tests and trial.

In the fullness of the word, success means to come into possession of a well-formed character; to be able to discriminate between that which raises and lowers one's being; to be able to keep a firm grip on the pure and lofty things of life, despite opposing forces. To do this takes strength. This is the process in the attainment of the greater wealth.

Money getting in itself is not wealth. It has

been well called unhealthy when it impoverishes the mind and dries up the sources of the spiritual mind; when it extinguishes the sense of beauty, art and poetry; when it blunts the moral senses and confuses the distinction between right and wrong; when it stifles out religious impulses and blots out all thoughts of God from the soul.

It is sometimes of God's mercy that men in their eager pursuit of wealth are baffled. They are like a locomotive running down hill, to apply the brakes is unpleasant, but it helps to keep the engine on the track and saves from destruction.

The greater wealth is sure to come by the proper application of one's gifts to daily opportunities. With pure motives behind, honest work is bound to bring results. If results do not project themselves to the surface at once, have faith and know that like the sap in the tree they are gradually rising to burst into perfect splendor at the right time.

We do know there are so many things that are intrinsically far more valuable than just money. To be able to keep a lovely spirit that helps you smile at annoyances and petty troubles that assail you, is wealth in itself. A genial, jolly person can smooth the roughest

temper of the richest man, provided the man is a man and not a mistake. All honor to those in every walk of life who speak truthfully and earnestly in defense of right, inspired by the hope of rewards other than money or popular favor. These are the men and women who build the world. They labor in their ordinary vocations with no less zeal because they give time and attention to higher things.

By all means get wealth. It is rightfully yours. But get that wealth that has in it a clean and happy heart and a peaceful mind, for with this greater wealth you become the greater being.

Univ. of California

FORGET—REMEMBER

Forget the word of yesterday
That hurt your gentle heart;
Hold in its place the tender smile
That caused sweet joy to start.

Forget the cold look you received
While passing on your way;
Think rather of the loving word
That cheered that dreary day.

The world holds far more love than hate,
If we will pause to find,
And the chilling little word or look—
We should not stop to mind.

PARENTHOOD

The heart of Parenthood is Love.
Its message is, "Guard, Guide and Pray,
And when life's earthy curtain falls,
There will be Peace, sweet Peace—obey!"

IT is a strange, unguided love that prompts a mother to call a child of three years, playing upon the sidewalk unattended, to "Come and kiss mother goodbye, and don't go on the street and get run over and hurt while I am gone." But this is a quality of love possessed by some mothers today. Thoughtful parents who live in neighborhoods of children know that my statement is true. And these parents are made to feel sorrowful many times, for Motherhood is so inclusive.

As one who loves children, because I realize their possibilities, I want to make a plea for their welfare. All children are nothing less than future men and women who must make the laws that govern nations. I often think as I watch mothers in their effort to control their children, what would be the effect if an angel —a sure enough angel—should suddenly descend and say: "You have in your keeping

a Christ Child. Guard it, guide it and let it grow in God's way. Give it all the love you can, for as its mother you must, of all beings, give an accurate account to God for your trust." I fancy that, if this should happen, all the worldly-wise mothers would immediately turn their lives inside out, and have a most wonderful self-cleaning up. They would soon be possessed of new eyes, new hearts, new minds. The fathers, too, would come running home from their places of business to join the mothers in their pride and happiness of the high office of appointment. My! would not things generally take a mighty turn, if parents should receive such glorious information? Instead of the cold indifference accorded so many children by their sponsors, the Christ children would receive the most patient and thoughtful consideration. Their growth and progress would be planned most carefully. They would be regarded so sacredly that no outside influences would be possible. They would be clothed in the etheric garments of prayer. If mothers and fathers had the faintest knowledge that they were the parents of a "superior" child, what superior preparations would be made for the coming of the "enlightened" being. First would come gratitude to the great God of Love, to be followed by the most

guarded system of thought in their own minds. What a select draft of friends would bear them company during the waiting period of the Christ Child that was coming to earth. How splendidly would the poorest use their opportunity. Cleanliness in the smallest detail would be regarded. The swaddling clothes of this child would be selected with the utmost skill and care. And when the Christ Child was once in the keeping of the parent, with what interest and curiosity its every wish would be regarded.

How carefully would the mother reply to its innocent queries. And when it did some unexpected thing, how very thoughtful would mother become. Instead of calling it a "blamed, meddlesome thing," she would lift her heart heavenward, and say, "Show me the way, God, to answer this child's demand." Ah, no, she would never resort to boxing its sensitive ears. It would be an awful thing to do, to strike a Christ Child! How very polite both parents would be to this promising savior of the world. It would always be, "I thank you, child," and "Will you please do this for me?" "I think this way is the safest, my dear; suppose you try it. I will patiently show you how." Yes, this would be the treatment of

the Christ Child, if it was only assured as such. But the present-day child falls short of thoughtful treatment, and yet it is in all certainty a Christ Child—a little god from the spheres celestial!

Mother, dear, how you have suffered to bring your Christ Child into this expression of life, yet you treat it more like an evil thing, leaving it all alone, unprotected, just hoping that it will not get run over and killed outright. Wake up, mother; it is never too late to begin anew. Even though years have covered its brow with your neglect, the Christ spirit is there and can be reached only by the power of your wonderful, confiding love. Don't let even its father tell you that it has gone beyond your reach, for he is only some mother's Christ Child who does not understand. Whatever the age or experience, children are as a piece of putty in the hands of the mother who is conscious of the divine power of Mother Love. And mother love of the clean, pure quality cannot leave her Christ Child on the street unattended, and at the mercy of conditions even more deadly than street cars and automobiles.

Indeed the Christ Child belongs at the mother's side until it has matured to her

strength of understanding. When this holy moment arrives, nothing, no one, can detach that child from her ways of wisdom. The Christ Child is calling to every mother today. Mother, dear, it asks to be loved, played with and entertained. For you it is longing, longing so. Go take it again to your breast, as only you can, and as its companion and confidant let it redeem you.

LOVE'S WHITE ROD

Give me a home in which to work
  And build my life;
Give me a man of truth and strength
  Out of the strife;
Give me a child—that wondrous thing
  From the heart of God,—
I'll dare the world then, men and kings,
  With Love's white rod!

SHOW ME THE WAY*

Show me the way, O Heavenly One;
Show me Thy way, that Thy will may be done.
Give me the strength to follow each day
The path where Thou leadest; Oh! show me the way.

Though it be through the valley where clouds hang low,
If Thou leadest, Father, there will I go,
All unafraid of the shadows' dark blue,
For Thou art the Light I wish to pursue.

Just show me the way out of doubt, out of fear;
Then surely I'll know Thou art very near;
And my heart will leap into joyous song,
For as the days brighten, my soul shall grow strong.

* A perfect song with musical setting by Homer Tourjee, published by the Los Angeles Music Publishing Company.

THE THINGS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

OMETIMES the strongest are tempted to ask: "What is worth while?" but to the strong soul, though it be passing through its Gethsemane, comes the echo from the heart of the real—Everything that touches Life with the slightest bit of truth is worth while.

If that sojourn in Gethsemane adds to our life one glint of truth; if it gives us a greater understanding of our weaknesses and succeeds in showing us a fault in ourselves; if out of its gloom we have gained more sympathy, more generosity, more tolerance, more love for other struggling creatures, then our weary, toilsome journey in the Garden of Gloom has been well worth while.

Surely a wise hand held us all the way and a silent, merciful voice beat upon our worldly ears a song of knowledge, which could be gained only through the experience of this journey. And if we gained the knowledge intended for us, certainly we will never pass that way again. The Infinite Good, who rules

all, rules also our Gethsemane and takes us there for a divine purpose. We need its scenes and experiences to aid us in the performance of higher duties. There is no mistake but that our lives are always in their proper setting.

Through experience only do we gather knowledge by which to conquer future difficulties, and, conquering, become strong.

Whatever adds in the smallest way to the world's betterment, even though it necessitates personal suffering, is worth while. We never know how small a thing may become a benediction to a human life. The one who says an encouraging word to the disheartened or gives a look of love or speaks a sentence which may become strength, guidance or comfort to another, does something worth while.

Every singer who has sung a pure, sweet song has lent a harmony to Earth and Heaven that will bless through all eternity. Every artist, who has painted a noble picture, has put an immortal touch to Life's canvas and all the World has been made better for it. Every writer, who has penned a line of Truth for the encouragement of Humanity has proven himself a living inspiration. Every kind word dropped from tender lips has been as spices dropped into the ocean of Life.

It is always worth while to do our best to give a helping hand to those who need us, to speak the gentle word—to be kind. For we never know how soon that we will be called upon to take our little journey into the Garden of Gloom and reap the seed we have somewhere, some time sown, however secure we at present feel in our flower-strewn garden of Daphne.

Our pure sweet Optimism should be thrown like a veil of light over all. A noble sympathy that is beautiful and purifying can emanate from each one. It is quite the thing worth while, and makes us attractive, magnetic, prosperous creatures.

To do these things worth the doing—or worth the while—we should first remember there is nothing common in God's world; there is no time, no place and no person that is common; but all things, all people are one and equally important in his great plan of life. The difference only is in our point of view, and the best of us have a very poor vision indeed. Some people can only be aroused to a sense of music by a great Brass Band, while others are touched to a deep feeling by the gentle murmur of the brook or the ripple of melody from a bird's throat—it is all in the person.

Before we can discern the things that are

really worth while, we must first give up self-seeking. In the wholesome life, there is no great, no "mine" or "thine."

All things are for all. As the waters recede from Tantalus, so do the good things of life from the egotistical, jealous and selfish spirit. But all true blessings of life are in the way of that one who is sincere, patient and forgetful of self, and tries to be helpful to the world and who spends his life in loving, generous deeds.

Worry, regret and discontent, together with self-seeking, these are the things we must let go, would we do those things that are worth while. When we gain power—the power that is uplifting and everlasting in its influence, the sting of the bitter word will not drop from our lips, no deed of ours will wound another. We will know that that which gives pain is not the thing worth while. There is a way of being kind in our severest reproofs. The wounds we inflict may heal and in time the scar may disappear, but the memory of it will never fade. All this we each will learn in our course of Spiritual evolution.

Through our experiences, we will awaken some fair morning with the knowledge that it is worth while to be wise in the use of time and opportunity and our faces will light with a new and more loving smile for all.

A SMILE

A smile is like a sunbeam,
Piercing through a rift;
Though voiceless is its presence,
It has the power to lift
The heart made sad and lonely,
By worldly hollow mirth,
And place it in a setting
Above the things of earth.
A smile seems but a trifle—
Perhaps to some, 'tis so;
To others it's a brilliance
Which sets all life aglow.

LIFE'S SUM-TOTAL

"Love me and the world is mine!"
Oh! the joy, and oh! the bliss!
No other power need I then
Than this, just this.

Love me, and all else will yield
In my soul, what's good, what's best;
Conquered, I'll prove conqueror
O'er all the rest, o'er all the rest.

"Love me and the world is mine!"
Mine and thine, dear, oh, the bliss!
Love's the master, Love's the law;
Proudest knee must bow to this.

WINNING YOUR WAY

HEN you enter a strange community and a friend invites you out to meet a throng of new people, how natural it is for you to want to look your best, to speak your kindest, and smile your sweetest. Forgetting all your disappointments, all the harsh things you ever heard or said, the occasion calls for only the one desire —the *desire* to *please,* to make a good impression upon those whom you hope to claim in future, as friends and pleasant acquaintances. How easy it is to ignore all past unpleasant memories.

You are there to play your part well; you are winning your way. In this effort you are laying the foundation for much future happiness, as well as enjoying a delightful present. You are on this occasion giving and taking, you are putting griefs and worriments behind you. You are doing this easily and unaided, save for the kindness of the friend who introduced you.

You are there, refusing to see anything but the best in those about you or to give anything

but the best of yourself. You must go away conscious that you have "made good."

One less conversant with the things that please, queries, "How can you do it?"

It is simple: On this occasion you are acting unselfishly; you are forgetting all unpleasantries. Everything of an inharmonious nature is cast aside, in your determination to please others; you are seeing life from its "sunny side." In other words, you are endearing yourself to the new throng, by your gracious, cheery, optimistic manner. You are making friends and it is only natural that you hear noised about next day that "there is a charming, new acquisition to social circles."

That is your aim and object—you can boast of neither money nor any special accomplishment. You do not need them; you possess something more sure and powerful. You can both forget and remember. Your power to *please* acts like an elixir upon those around you. No jealous or envious mind can block your way. Your tender, optimistic nature sweeps everything before it. You are *winning* and you are glad—everybody is glad, and a few wonder why.

Ah, how much more profitable life would be, if we would always just "play like" we

were in a new community, with new people, anxious to win friends by our friendliness and graciousness; willing to forget the wear and tear of the day; willing only to talk upon the topics that contain bright, cheery and constructive ideas.

There is so much usefulness in talking our best, in smiling our sweetest and doing our utmost to make others forget the cares of life. This would not make us any the less true and sincere, but it would help us mightily to become a great deal more so.

Whatever our trial or grief, it is best to struggle with it in the silence of self—the Great Self. It is sure to work out all right. It always does, if you are brave and hopeful.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

When grey sorrow comes your way—
And Life's clouds obscure the day,
Then Pray!

When you behold another's need—
Help by tender word and deed,
And Pray!

When you crave to soar on high—
Your wings seem clipped, don't sigh—
But Pray!

When the day's clouds turn to light—
Life's sorrow to laughter bright,
Pray, pray!

Pray throughout, whate'er the test—
It will help to hold the best,
So Pray!

IN THE WORLD'S WILDERNESS

In the wilderness of self, we are oftimes lost;
Then, Soul, to the rescue, whatever the cost!

ITH the most of us our ways of living are trivial and exceedingly unsatisfactory. Our so-called pleasant vices lead us into the maze of painful perplexity. Our ideals of what may be best for our own enjoyment and advancement fall far short of our dreams. Our amusements pall on our over-wearied senses. Our youth takes its flight like "a puff of thistle-down on the wind" and we spend all our time feverishly trying to live without understanding life. Like so many lambs from the fold of a protecting shepherd we find ourselves playing hide and seek in the jungle of the world's wilderness.

This wilderness is wide and in it we encounter strange surprises and all sorts of companions, some recklessly hilarious, some crouching fearfully among shadows, too weary to move at all; others sauntering idly on, wondering when the journey will end.

But we meet a few in the wilderness who tell us that it is not a wilderness at all, but a

place of sweet refuge, where the voice of silence speaks to the soul; where the veil of appearance is lifted and a life of reality is revealed, and the voice of the spirit is heard to say, "Be ye perfect even as I am perfect," conveying the knowledge that God has given us the faculties which shall help us to be perfect.

Yes, we are in the wilderness of the world. Many are lost in the brier-wood tangle and are seeking their way out of the shadows, longing for the bright sun of the day, for joy, hope and sweet peace. Ah, if we only knew how full we ourselves are of the things that heal the heart-wounds, self-inflicted, we would raise our heads toward the source of light, and we would never look down again.

There is nothing in the wide world that can cure our ills and give us perfection but ourselves! Nothing can possibly come to us from the external. It is all from within out. God is within us—His image—which means His mind, since he has no physical body. The God within us is the only solace, the only guide that will change our wilderness into a garden of sweets. It is the realization of this vast truth that will give us the things we need to help us —health and power. But we must call, and call, again and again, for the God within to

come forth, and give us that love, that power and peace, which frees from the entanglements and discouragements that separate us from the fullness of life.

We are a part of Divine creation—as sacred a fact in the universe as God, because we are made in His Divine image, therefore we have an absolute right to command health, joy, peace and power. And any thought that reverses that right is untrue, and is only the language of the dark shadows of external life, which will in time pass away. To get out of the wilderness of shadows, we must command positively—not fearfully, doubtfully. If we persist in living in the shadows of thought, we must expect discordant confusion when we would see where to place our feet.

We must bestir ourselves, would we come into our true inheritance—into the grace and beauty of being. We must create for ourselves a proper balance and a perfect comprehension of our powers to win, so that the soul which finds itself in the wilderness, encounters no more misleading lights or shadows, no more needing to lean upon another, for peace of mind and happiness.

The Soul, seeking freedom, learns to "let go" even those things and persons which it

holds dearest, for it is in "letting go," that it gains real and lasting possession of the thing and person it loves. This is the peace that the awakened one finds in the wilderness, this is the message that will cheer and bless all along the way.

IN PERPETUUM

I move in the soundless march
Of the ever flaming stars.
My soul demands I climb and toil
Despite the pain that jars.
Through transmutation I must work
My way toward the end,
And even there I must not pause,
My soul will time extend.

WINE *for the* SOUL

IN PROSE
AND VERSE

by

MARGARET OLIVE JORDAN

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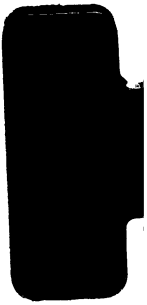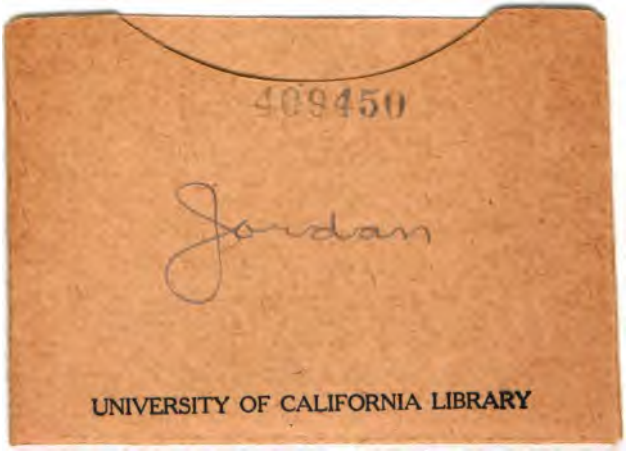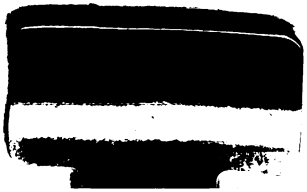
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